THE SWORD INTERVAL

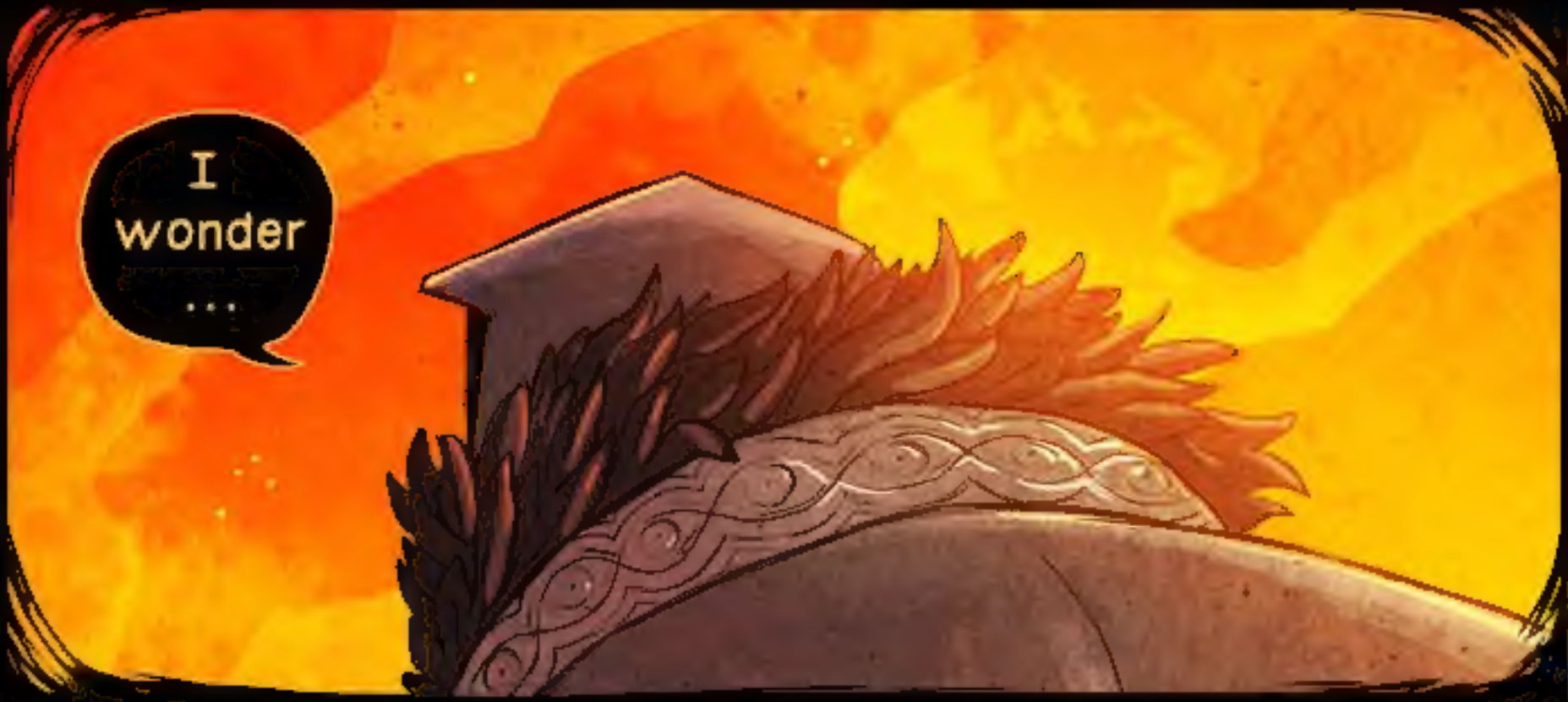
BY BEN FLEUTER

O Child...

O Destroyer...

O Harbinger.
O Conqueror Worm.
O Beast.

Your bastion is a ruin.
The world you know aflame.


I wonder ...

Does this seem the end to you? Perhaps this feels only natural.

We are all to be consumed by inferno. The fire can not be denied. It can not be contained.

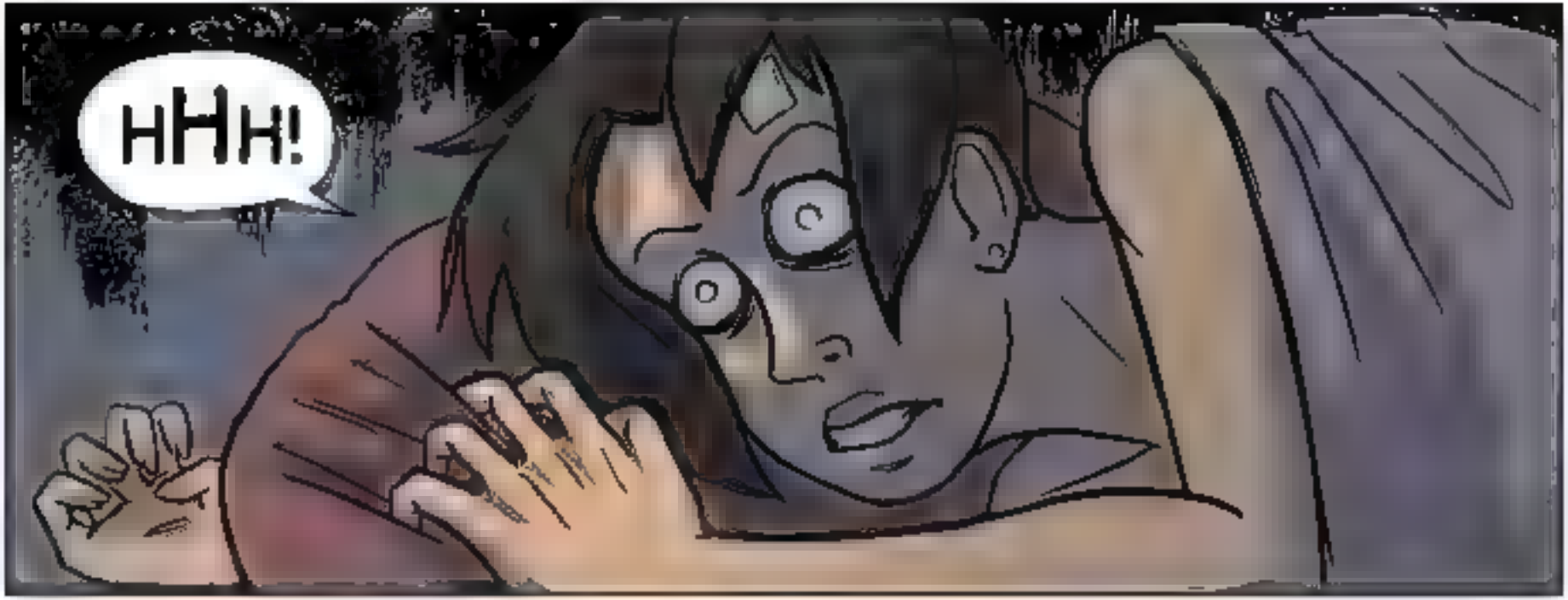
In spite of what our mutual jailers envision.

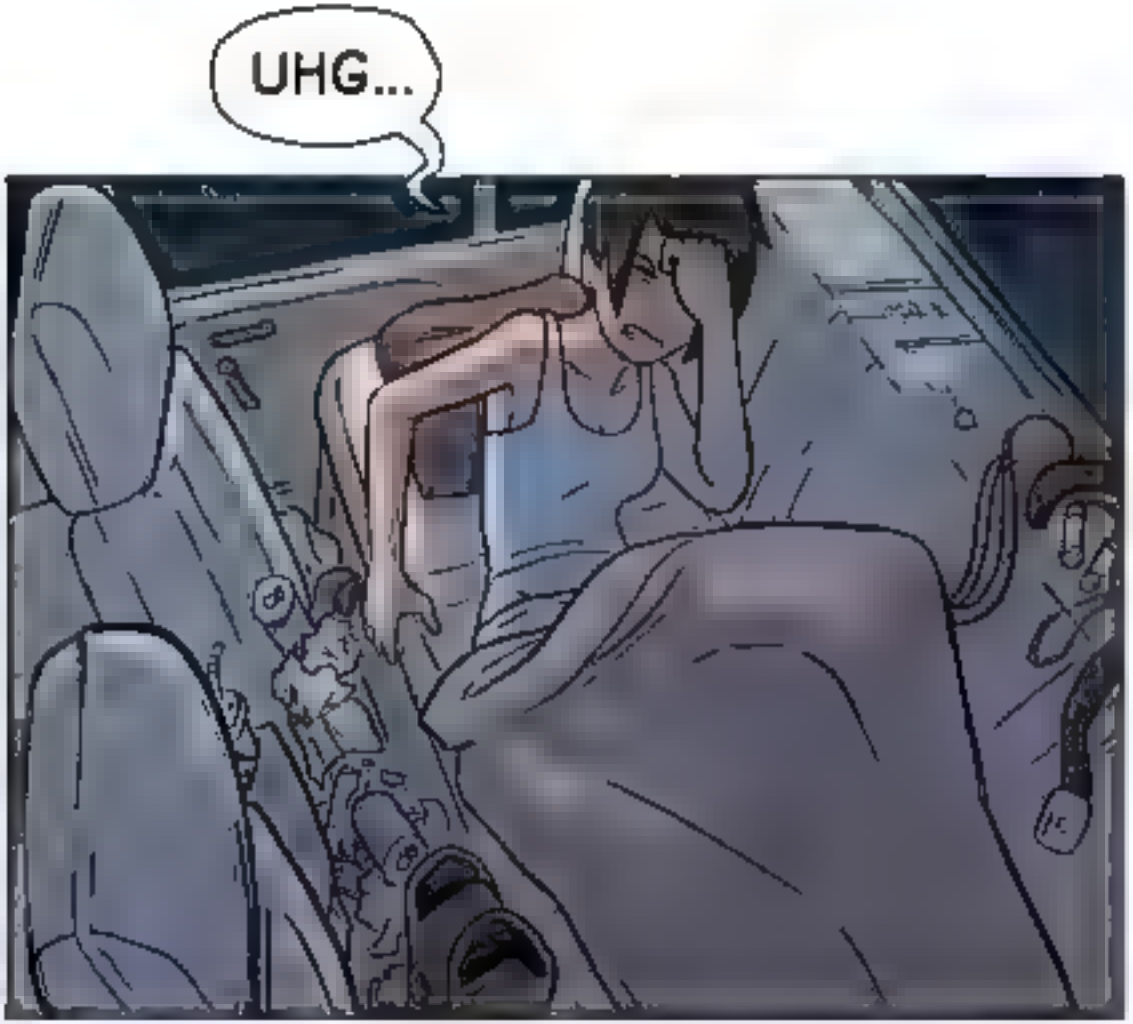
Haaaa...
Those eyes...
That is no defeat.
That is defiance.
Good!
Remember
that!

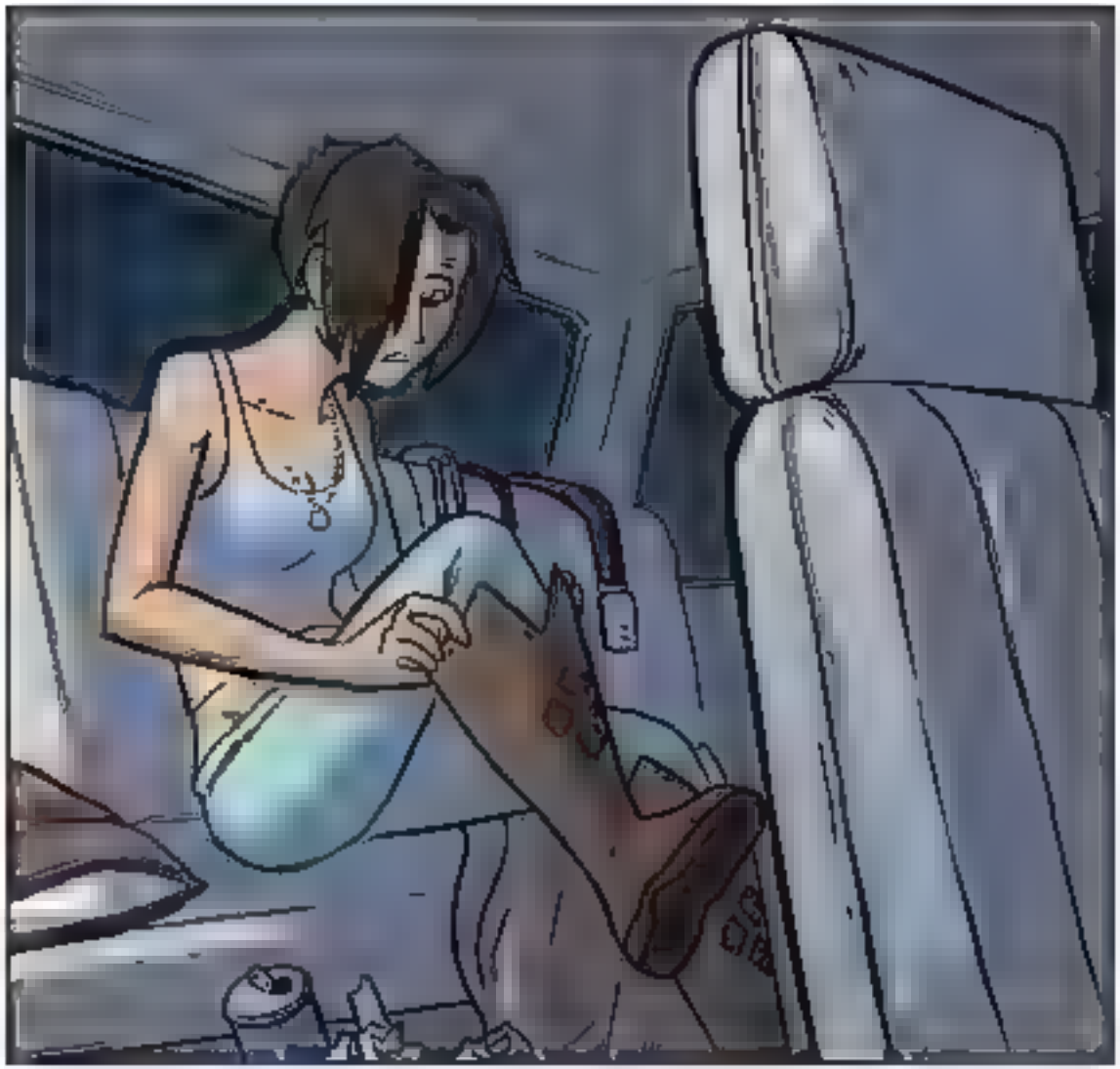
In contempt of what may come, remember that!
REMEMBER THAT YOU FELT NO FEAR, ONLY DEFIANCE!

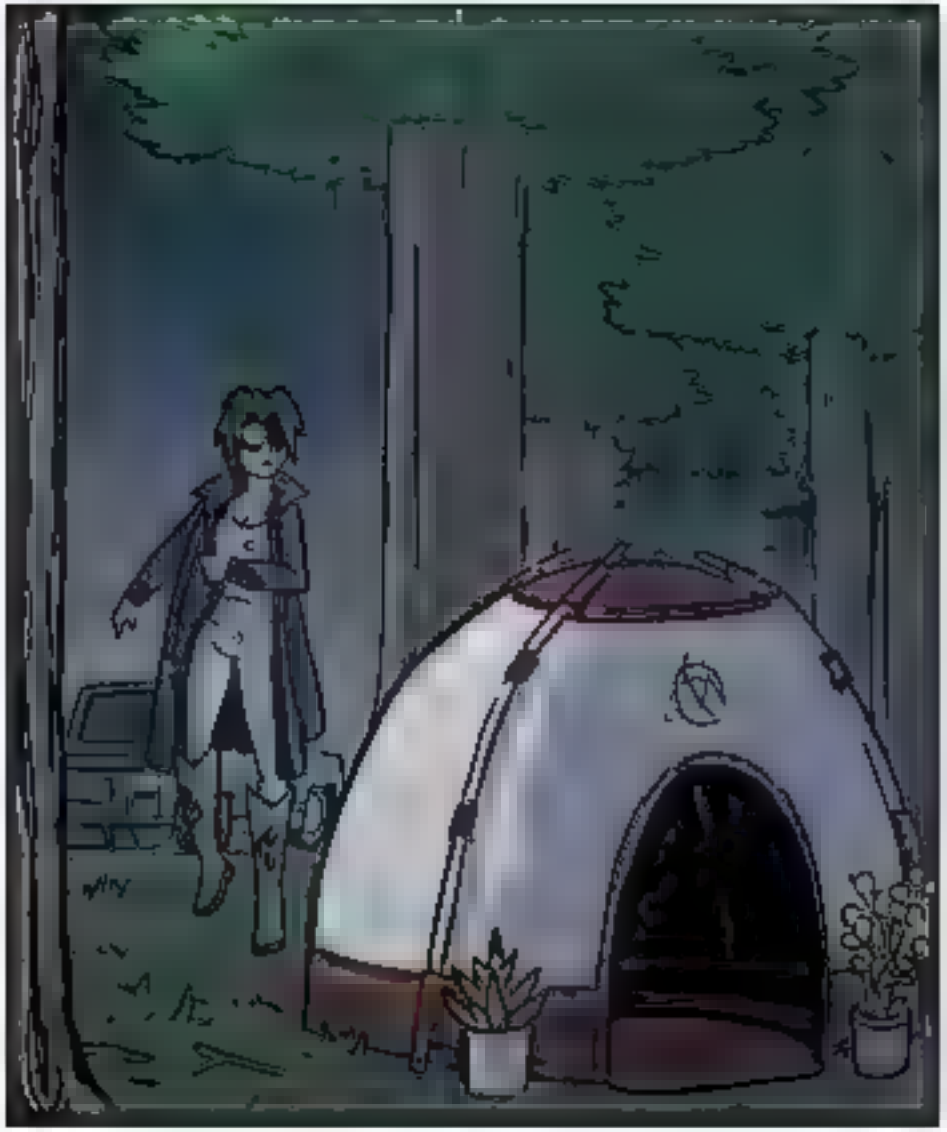
NOW RISE!

For there is much work to be done.


HHH!


UHG...





David?

WANTED
REWARD

Oh.
AH! GOD!

...
'sup?
Seriously, those eyes!
WANTED